


• L I F E •



• Washington's • Birthday •



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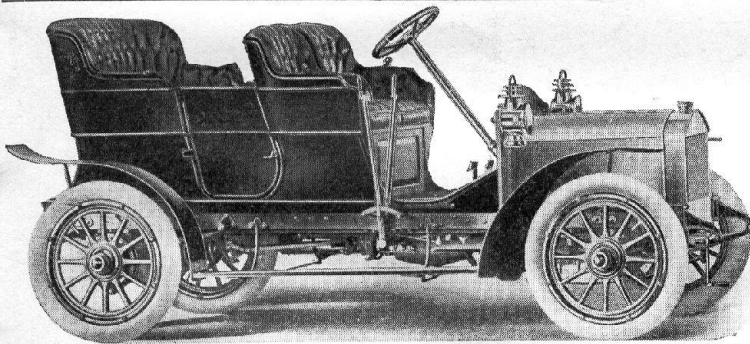
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17 West Thirty-First Street
NEW YORK CITY

LIFE



Head of Institute: I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T CURE YOUR HUSBAND OF DRINKING, MADAME.

She: YOUR NOTE SAID IT COULD BE DONE IN SIX MONTHS.

"TRUE; BUT I HADN'T SEEN YOU THEN."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLV. FEB. 16, 1905. No. 1164.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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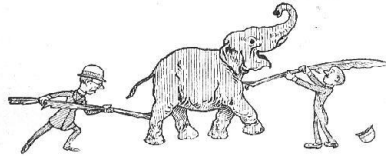
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A VERY interesting thing has happened. The United States Supreme Court has handed down a unanimous decision in an important case. We have got so used to five to four decisions from that court that it had come to seem unlikely that all the judges would ever again take the same view of anything. But they have. They are all of opinion that the Beef Trust is a combination in restraint of trade, in violation of the Sherman Anti-trust law, and that the injunction issued against it last spring by Judge Grosscup, to restrain its members from conspiring to make cattle cheap and beef dear, ought to hold. Everybody seems to be pleased with that decision except the beef monopolists, who will have to go to work now and fix up some new kind of apparatus for making prices low on what they buy and high on what they sell, excluding competitors from the usufruct of the railroads, killing off the small dealers, and having things in general all their own way.

This welcome decision is a substantial victory for Attorney General Moody and the Administration. It comes at a time when most of the President's reform projects are moving

pretty slowly. The present Congress ends in a fortnight. No one has expected it to accomplish anything in the way of tariff-reform. Even the regulation of railroad rates will probably go over to the next Congress, which begins at noon on the fourth of March.



MEANWHILE the San Domingo matter presses for settlement. Without much stir the executive branch of our Government has assumed what is practically a fiscal protectorate over San Domingo. It has agreed, by request of the Morales Government, to take charge of all the custom-houses of San Domingo, collect the customs revenues, and apply them to payment of the debts of the island republic. It had the choice of doing this at the desire of San Domingo, or of having some other government do it without asking leave. It is a pretty serious departure from our habits, and the Senate is disposed to think that the President needs its cooperation and approval in making it. We guess he does, and inasmuch as the work seems a painful, but necessary, sequence to the Monroe Doctrine, we hope he will get it.



THE immediate direction which events will take in Russia seems now to depend upon the Czar. That is a discouraging thought, and means no more than that it depends on whether the Grand Dukes or the reformers can scare the Czar most effectually, and keep him scared longest. It is universally recognized that he is not himself competent to think out a definite line of action and stick to it. He can only do what he is told to do by his advisers, and which lot of advisers he is to cleave to is a question which may reasonably cause him profound distress of mind. Nobody believes that mere family affection would restrain the Grand Dukes

from attempting to put him out of the game if they found they could not control him, but the strength of the revolutionary movement among all classes, and the desperate difficulty of continuing in Russia under present circumstances such misrule as the bureaucracy has long inflicted on her, may daunt even the Grand Dukes themselves. At this writing the Czar confers with M. de Witte and favors reforms. How long this mood will last no one can say. Sergius and Vladimir are likely to have their turn again presently. We feel sorry for the Czar. Our President has his troubles, though he is restrained by a constitution, and admonished by an *Evening Post*. The Czar knows less about his job than our President does about anything, and has no constitution to guide, nor *Post* to direct, him. But he will have a constitution if he lives, and *Posts* also.



PRESIDENT ELIOT, in his annual report, speaks at some length of football as currently played, and expresses much disgust with it. He says nothing new; merely that uniform enforcement of the rules is impossible, and that the players are taught to disable one another, in violation of the rules, and to win by any means, fair or foul, that are available. He finds that the strategy and ethics of the game are not those of sport, but of war. The methods of war are justifiable when the purpose is to kill or injure as many of the enemy as possible, but he finds no justification for such methods in a manly game of sport between friends.

He makes no suggestions about improving the game, but merely says that there ought not to be more than one opinion whether a game, played under the actual conditions of football and the barbarous ethics of warfare, can be a useful element in the training of young men.

It happened that President Eliot got out of the country just before these football opinions were made public. But he might have stayed on at home with perfect safety. A multitude of observers, including hundreds of football players, share his views.

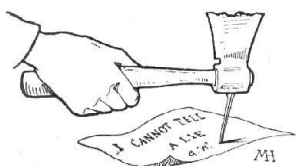
Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE TRUTHFUL GEORGE AND THE OBSERVING LAD.

TO DAY we gott a hollyday becuz
gorge Wasingtun is ded; uno he wuz
The onley mann that never tolled a li
Wich maiks it awl thee wurs he hadd too di.
wenn teacher rote it on thee bord ann sedd
How old he wuz ann how long he wuz ded,
ann ast wott he dide uv, jo benson sez
i ges he mussta dide uv lonesumnes.
Ann wenn shree sez he koodunt li ann thatz
thee trooth wi willy peerson sez o ratz
iff that wuz troo he wuz in offul ficks
wuz gorg wenh he gott into politicks.

J. W. Foley.

Saved.



MRS. WASHINGTON was just about completing "The Confessions of a Wife," when the Father of His

Country burst into the room and hastily destroyed the manuscript.

"What!" he exclaimed, "have you no feeling? Don't you know that this would destroy my chances of going into history as the man who never told a lie?"

Delayed.

"LADIES," said the chairwoman of the club, "I must ask you to be patient. Mrs. Rumdum, who is to address us this afternoon on 'The Foolishness of Modern Fashion,' has just telephoned that her modiste has only this moment delivered her new dress, and of course she must wait long enough to don it, as she could not appear before such a representative audience in a last season's gown."

With a chorus of murmured sympathy and approval, the members of the club settled back in their chairs to wait the arrival of the helpful speaker.

Three Standpoints.

THE stork came.
Said the man: "My salary is no larger."

Said the woman: "Now I shall be tied down."

Said the newspaper: "Mr. and Mrs. B— are rejoicing in the birth of a son."



OUR BOYS.

HENRY.

LITTLE Henry Codman is one of the very few little boys who haven't been spoiled by having too much money thrust upon them. He has a lowly disposition and nice manners for one so wealthy; he is very set in his ways and has a strong will of his own. Although he goes to church every Sunday, he believes in rushing the growler on week days, when the growler is free from germs, and he says so, too. Henry has lots of courage and spunk, and a lot of old ladies think because he does what he wants to that he is a spoiled child, and they lift their

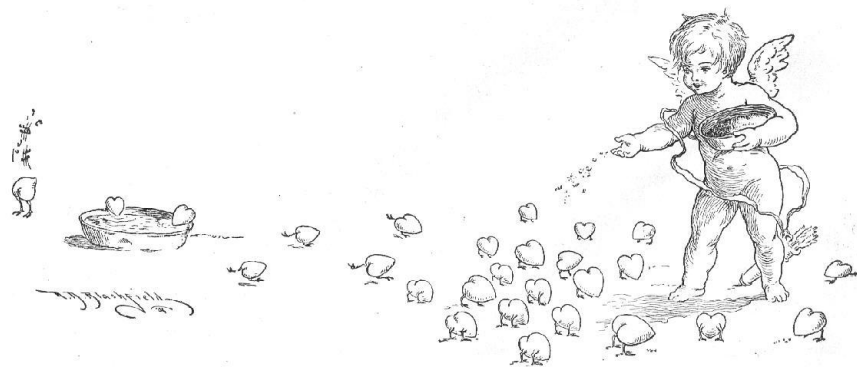
fingers at him. But Henry doesn't care a bit, because he believes in keeping up to the times. Henry is fond of all kinds of games, and loves to spend hours with his blocks building cathedrals and saloons. Sometimes the little boys of other denominations throw stones at him, but he doesn't care, because, while he is not a goody-goody boy, he doesn't live in a glass house—and most of the others do.

We believe Henry is all right, but we are afraid he will have to live about a hundred years more before he can prove it to everybody's satisfaction.

"ARE you sure that this baby food is all right?"
"Absolutely. Why, it contains an inexhaustible lack of nourishment."

MAMMA: It won't help matters to worry *now*. Why did you marry a man with vices?

DAUGHTER: Because I didn't want to be an old maid.



THE SPRING BROILERS.

The Luxuries of the Simple.

LISTEN to my sorrows
Owing to my wife—
She's a monomaniac
On "The Simple Life."

Says she wants a homestead
Somewhere in the hills,
Far from wear and shove and tear
And the pace that kills.

Just a simple cottage
Free from pomp and show,
(Real estate's expensive
Where she wants to go).

Wants some woolly lambkins
On the hills to browse,
Wants some chickens, horses, ducks,
Ditto pigs and cows.

Wants some simple furniture
Built for art and use,
(These rough-hewn interiors
Cost to beat the deuce).

Wants a trickling river
Near our sylvan haunt—
Fact there's nothing out-of-doors
That she *doesn't* want.

Spare me, wife, O spare me
This simplicity—
Do not scorn our uptown flat
With its luxury!

Not for us the humble
Country pleasures, dear,
While our income's limited,
Seven thou' a year.

With our vulgar glitter
Be content, my wife—
We're not nearly rich enough
To lead the Simple Life!

Wallace Irwin.



Sensible.

"RATHER curious that all the songs in the new musical comedy are duets."

"I presume they prefer to divide the responsibility."

Considerate.

WILLIE (*triumphantly*): I told God I'd give Him just four days to make grandma better; and He's done it.

MAMMA: Why didn't you pray to have her get better right away?

WILLIE: You know these things take time.

"THE good die young" is the epitaph of most New Year's resolutions.

One Remedy.

AN endowed theatre, with the commercial end subordinated to high artistic ideals, seems to be one way of saving dramatic art from utter extinction in America. What such an institution might be and how it could be established is lucidly set forth in the February number of the *North American Review* by Mr. James S. Metcalfe, LIFE's embattled critic.

This is a subject in which Mr. Met-

calfe is heartily interested. It certainly concerns every lover of the drama in this trust-ridden community.

Coward.

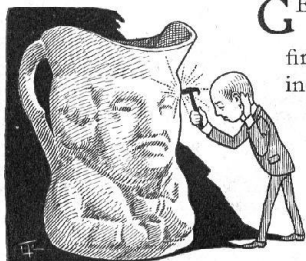
JASPAR: Gayboy has solved the problem of life. He has married a rich widow.

JUMPUPPE: Pshaw, that is not solving it. That's simply like looking at the end of the book for the answer.

"WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE TIGHTS?"

"TIGHTS! THEY'RE DELIRIUM TREMENS!"

A Few Additional Facts Concerning George.



GEORGE WASHINGTON was a British subject when he first came to Virginia ; but by industry, patience and pugnacity he became the father of his country, divorced the mother country, transformed himself into an American citizen, and left no children to prove what small fruit can grow on big trees.

Virginia, when George arrived there, was not democratic in its opinions and ideas ; so many of its citizens had come there reluctantly and compulsorily, it could not afford to fool with Jacksonian theories ; and its energies were directed towards the growth of coons, trouble and tobacco and the manufacture of first families and coats of arms. George's family had the proud distinction of having paid its own passage to America ; and as it paid its bills, had no taking ways, and was easily touched, the Washingtons stood high in a community which hated bookkeeping, set the dogs on duns, loved good liquor and bad language, and took a keener interest in the fox and his hunting than in Fox and his Book of Martyrs. Virginia loved and lived by tobacco ; and it was the gospel according to Virginia which taught that he who did not smoke in this world would surely do so in the next.

In this idyllic spot Washington was born and raised. As a boy he was large, bashful and slow to humor ; he grew up with a love for honesty, agriculture and the pursuit of wild beasts ; he eschewed law and studied land surveying, since real estate was more plenty than clients and more profitable than litigation.

In the happy British colony of Virginia, George Washington early developed military tastes, and his excursions with British troops taught him how easy they were in a country where fighters had to be either shooters or scooters. When Braddock, a bold British battler, invited

George to join him in capturing Pittsburg, then undiscovered by Andrew Carnegie, he went along with some misgivings, since he knew the British army, and carried no life insurance. He went ; and when he and the other survivors returned to Virginia without seriously injuring Pittsburg, he had the consolation of knowing that British strategy, properly understood and applied, was a great aid to the other fellow ; and he stored it away for future use.

When the war was over and the French had departed for Europe, King George said : " How shall I reward the loyal colonists who did most of the work ? " A wise minister said : " The greatest favor you can do your faithful subjects in America is to let them pay for the war expenses ; the grand old Mother Country must be content with honor and glory. " The King, with tears in his royal eyes, said : " I will make this sacrifice. Tax their tea ; put trading stamps on their hats, and let them sing ' God Save the King. ' "

The ungrateful Americans grumbled, and made a tempest in a teapot ; and then they got out their guns, called in George Washington, hypnotized the French into coming over to gather the victories they forgot on their last visit, and so irritated the benevolent British monarch, that he abandoned America in disgust and declined to rule over it any more. The rude inhabitants bore up



" LAND SAKES ! DID IT HURT YOU, HEZEKIAH ? "

" WELL, SHOULD YOU JUDGE, FROM THE CHARACTER OF THE LANGUAGE I'VE JUST BEEN USING, THAT IT DID ME ANY EVERLASTING GOOD ? "

under these manifold misfortunes nobly and started a government of their own, with George Washington as the boss.

The fact that George Washington had married a widow gave him an experience in managing difficult and unexpected situations; and that he ruled a country, where no one wanted to pay taxes and every one was willing to spend them, with satisfaction and economy, proves him to have been a great man. When we realize that there was no army worth talking about, no navy, no river and harbor bills, no land office, no consuls, and an empty treasury, and hence no chance to reward his faithful followers with jobs and pensions, the love and respect in which he was held in those days show that patriotism and imagination were at a low ebb and that the press of the age lacked ginger, saffron, adjectives and all the other elements of journalistic greatness.

Only his virtues survive; some to reproach statesmen with, some to stimulate Sabbath schools, some to brag about and fling in the face of effete Europe. His name is commemorated in a thousand cities and towns; it glorifies millions of obscure citizens; it adorns banks, mills, trust companies and mines; it brands collars, cigarettes, soaps and tooth-washes; and gives distinction and digestion to one of New England's noblest products—pie. The final test of greatness remains. He is still first in the love, respect and veneration of the nation in spite of a hundred statutory atrocities, a horse and a foot, scattered through the Republic, and carved by artists whose genius finds its noblest expression in tombstones, and whose escape from lynching is the wonder of the world. *Joseph Smith.*



Mr. Bugg: AREN'T YOU COMING ON, MR. CENTIPEDE?
"WELL, I SHOULD SAY NOT, WHEN I HAVE TO HIRE SKATES AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A PAIR!"



THE PIG-HEADED MAN COMPLIES WITH HIS WIFE'S WISHES AND DRESSES FOR DINNER.



GLIMPSES OF SOME AMERICAN HOMES
A STATELY MUSIC ROOM.

Some New Salads.

ANENT the fashionable craze for strange fruit salads, a writer in *Bad Housekeeping*, and another in the *Laziest Home Journal*, have given the following recipes which they swear they have tried, and yet lived to give to the world:

Sausage Salad—Procure six large country sausages; remove the interior of each and fill with orange marmalade; place on crisp lettuce leaves, season with cayenne and the usual French dressing. Serve hot or cold, as preferred.

Canned Apricot Salad—Procure an old tin of apricots, which your grandmother put up years ago (but remember the ptomaine). Stuff with thin, delicate slices of kidney and shivers of

French prunes; soak overnight in olive oil. (A particularly delicious dish for Sunday night tea.)

Maraschino Cherry Salad—Take rich fruit cake, cut into three-inch cubes; to form a cup, hollow the top of each to the depth of an inch and a half; fill openings with a salmis of picked-up codfish and maraschino cherries. To serve, place cubes on large platter and garnish dish with spinach and ice cream. (Excellent at any time of year.) *Charles Hanson Towne.*

Supreme.

“DON'T you think she knows a great deal, for a girl who has never had any advantages?”

“But she has had advantages. She has been kept out of school most of her life.”

Which?

AH, how his dream rose high on Hope
What time he saw the envelope
Wherein, for his impatient eye,
He knew was penned her heart-reply!—
Rose high on Hope, then, like a wall,
Swift tottered toward despondent fall
Before the stroke of Doubt, to stand
Erect again 'neath Faith's firm hand.

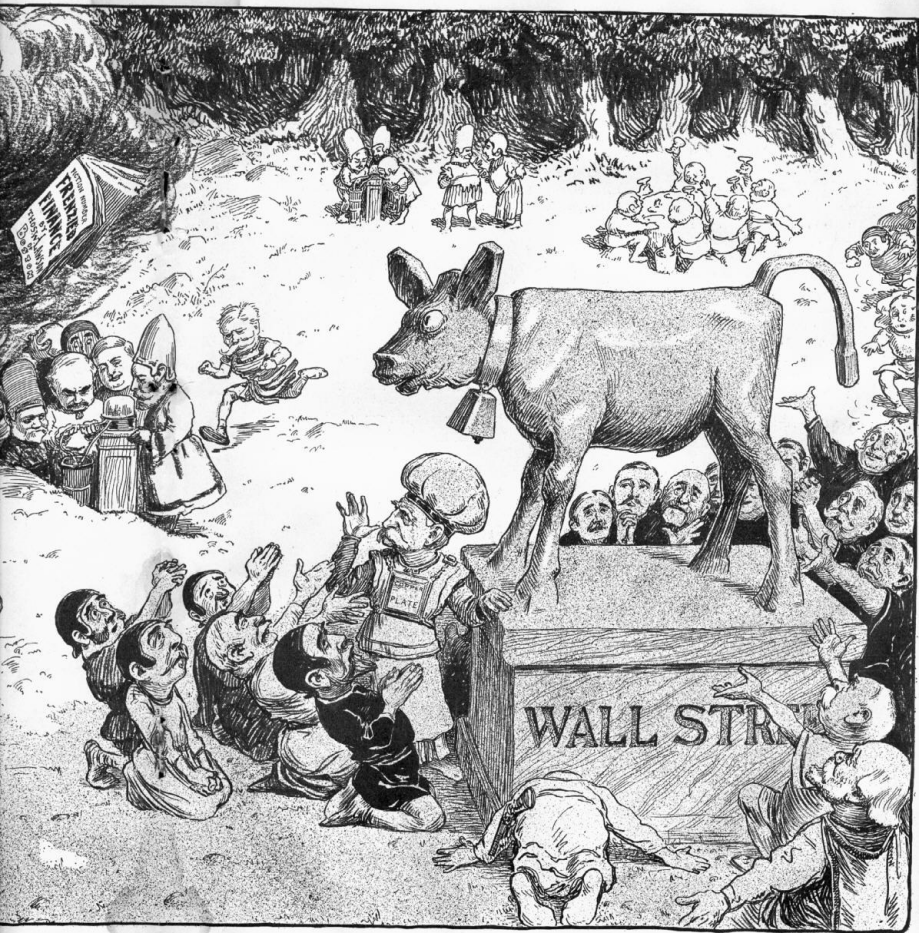
His trembling fingers broke the seal—
What would the hidden page reveal?
Intent he plucked it forth, and lo,
Her answer! Was it “yes” or “no”?
Clinton Scollard.

ETHEL: I hear that Mrs. Newwed is taking the Jiu Jitsu training.

MAUDE: Well, she had to do something to enable her to handle that baby.



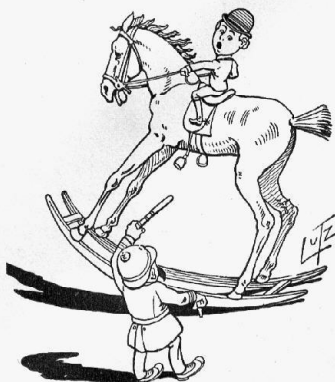
"THE GOLDEN C
MR. TOM LARSON AS



"THE GOLDEN CALF,"
MR. TOM LARSON AS MOSES.



Come Off Your High Horse!



THE criminal authorities of New York have invited the Theatrical Trust to come down from the arrogant position it has so long occupied and learn, perhaps for the first time in its existence, that it and its members are subject to American law and justice. Hitherto the Trust's dealings have been for the most part with actors and actresses, with local managers having their all invested in their theatres, with persons whose property was in plays or productions which they had to find

theatres for or become bankrupt, and with people similarly defenceless against the greed of this grasping and insolent combination.

Now, however, the Theatrical Trust is brought face to face with American justice. Law and justice are not by any means synonymous terms, and it may be that the former may tend to defeat the ends of the latter, although we are confident that here the right will prevail. This case of oppression—the combination to keep LIFE's dramatic critic from pursuing his legitimate calling—seems to be a plain and simple one, and the law in the case seems to be explicit and to apply perfectly.

Even criminal law does not move rapidly, and in the period of delay likely to elapse before it accomplishes its ends in the present case, the Trust may be relied upon to utilize every weapon its money, hatred and fear can command. It has already begun a campaign of scurrilous and defamatory publication. LIFE does not hesitate to assist it in this mode of warfare by notifying every purchasable and indigent journal in America that this is a good time to get some of the Theatrical Trust's money. There is lots of it and it will be freely on tap.

From every quarter there comes to LIFE assurance that the decent press and decent public of this country are on its side.

* * *

THE pious aggregation which is attacking LIFE has come up against another snag. This time it is the United States Anti-Trust law. Mr. David Belasco, who is as persistent a fighter as he is an artistic producer of plays, has for a long time been quietly gathering evidence to prove that the tyrannical methods of the Trust, in keeping him and other managers who are not under Trust control from presenting their plays except in a few theatres, are really restraints on trade.

Mr. Belasco has long been fighting against tremendous odds, and the mean, despicable, un-American things which have been resorted to by these people to distress, worry, and even bankrupt him are almost beyond belief. To go into detail would be to place before LIFE's readers a history of persecution too long for their patience. The petty malice and spite shown would appear to be impossible on the part of men who have any conception of what the word manliness means—which, of course, is an unknown term and quality in the Theatrical Trust.

LIFE hopes that Mr. Belasco will get Uncle Samuel on his side. Uncle Samuel is slow to wrath, but once aroused he is likely to put his large foot down hard on all sorts of crawling things.

* * *

LIFE'S attitude towards the Theatrical Trust in its racial aspect seems still to be misunderstood by some of our esteemed contemporaries who have been commenting on the warfare which the Trust is waging upon this journal. It happens that the Trust is composed of Jews. Now, if LIFE were waging a racial war it would attack the methods of all theatrical managers who were Jews. Conversely, it would praise the methods and productions of all managers who were Gentiles. On the one hand, it has accorded large praise to the management of David Belasco, of the Shubert Brothers, of Joseph Weber and others who are Jews. On the other, it has not hesitated to condemn some of the work of so eminent a Gentile manager



SURE.

IF YOU'VE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT RACING MACHINES,
OLD TENNYSON'S LINES YOU'LL RECALL;
IT'S BETTER, YOU KNOW, TO HAVE MANGLED AND KILLED
THAN TO NEVER HAVE MOTORED AT ALL.

as Henry Irving, of Richard Mansfield, and of the other few Gentile managers whom the Theatrical Trust permits to remain in the business. LIFE has gone further than this. When good performances have been given under Trust management it has not stinted its praise. The regular readers of LIFE do not need to be told these truths. The columns of the journal speak for themselves.

The Theatrical Trust being composed entirely of Jews, and in many of its dealings with the public and with its employees and others with whom it does business having exhibited the worst traits which are associated with the worst members of that race, it is not strange that LIFE has spoken of them as Jews and pictured them as Jews. If the Theatrical Trust was composed entirely of Chinamen, or Senegambians, or Apaches, and indulged in high-binding, cannibalism or scalping, LIFE would speak of them as Chinamen, or negroes, or savages, and caricature them with the worst features of those races. This would not imply that there were no decent Chinamen, or negroes, or Indians. But as we have said often before and very recently, the bad Jew, if he is caught with the goods on, immediately sets up the howl that he is being persecuted because he *is* a Jew, and expects the respectable members of his race to come to his rescue. When decent Jews stop being imposed upon by these tactics and refuse their aid to the unworthy members of their race, they will show that they are Americans and not Jews to the exclusion of patriotism.

LIFE has called to the attention of its readers that in the present instance a leading Jewish organ, voicing, we believe, the better opinion of the better Jews in New York, has declined to be imposed upon by this racial howl of the Theatrical Trust brought to justice. This acknowledgment by some Jews that another Jew may be wrong and not entitled to the support of the people of his race, is doubly emphatic because of its rarity.

LIFE believes the time has come when it is incumbent on the self-respecting Jews who

have come to America to become Americans and to support our American institutions to dissociate themselves from those who are Jews and Jews only, and who band together against the operation of American laws and customs. We do not think that the use of the word Hebrew is yet sufficiently distinct in marking this difference. When among the Jews themselves Hebrew means one thing and Jew another, we shall be glad to admit the difference and it will allow us to define exactly what we mean. As it is, we use the title Jew in no opprobrious sense. In common with those who are compelled to distinguish between good Jews and bad Jews, we should be glad to have some authority for the use of distinctive terms and not be charged with condemning an entire race when we criticize only those who make prominent the worst traits of that race.

Under the broad welcome and the broad tolerance America gives to the people of every race, it is the good Jew's own fault if he permits the bad Jew to make the entire race bear the burdens and the reproach of his wrongdoing.



THE Colonial Music Hall on upper Broadway, which is to be a home of ballet and burlesque, was unable to open as it had advertised because a trained bear got loose and attempted to make a meal of some especially tender and toothsome ladies of the company. The bear suffered no indigestion, but the young women of whom he attempted to

make bear-meat (no pun) were temporarily disqualified as displays of personal pulchritude.

THE Madison Square Theatre, which was closed shortly after the agitation against unsafe theatres, caused by the Iroquois fire in Chicago, reopens with "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." LIFE doesn't take the position of vouching for the safety of the Madison Square Theatre—that being just now a matter for Mayor McClellan, Commissioner Hayes and Commissioner McAdoo to look out for—but of "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" it may be said that the piece is a very ingeniously constructed farce. To enjoy it most, one must leave behind any idea of probability, and simply take for possible the impossible premises on which the plot rests. This done, the developments of the story, with its exhibition of lying as a fine art, become laughable in the extreme. The acting honors go easily to Mr. William Morris, as Frank Fuller, who, as an expert in the science of mendacity, makes the late

Prof. Ananias look like an awkward amateur. Mr. Frank Worthing also has a congenial and successful part, that of the erring husband who cannot lie artistically, and Grace Kimball is attractive and effective as the deceived wife.

Preceded by a curtain raiser and condensed in time of performance, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" would be very good entertainment to occupy an evening after a dinner.

MANY of LIFE's patriotic and well-meaning lay friends have given us the emphatic assurance that the Theatrical Trust cannot legally exclude LIFE's critic from their theatres. It would appear on the face of it that they are right, but a reference to our confidential guide will show that he *is* excluded from a number of theatres. This state of affairs brings to mind the venerable tale about the person who was incarcerated in jail for some offence not clearly proven. He sent for his lawyer and told him his story.

"That's perfectly preposterous," exclaimed the lawyer. "It's absurd. They can't lock you up for a thing like that."

"But," replied the prisoner, "I am locked up."

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music.—"Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Interesting play, splendidly staged and with Henrietta Crosman in the title part.

Belasco.—Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Adrea." gorgeously mounted and well acted tragic drama by David Belasco and John Luther Long.

Rijou.—"The Music Master." Touching and laughter-provoking at the same time. David Warfield at his best.

Casino.—"Lady Teazle." Musical version of Sheridan's "The School for Scandal." Brilliantly staged and well sung, with Lillian Russell in the title part.

Colonial Music Hall.—See above.

Garrick.—Bernard Shaw's very amusing satire on the over-educated woman, "You Never Can Tell." Well acted by Arnold Daly and thoroughly competent company.

Lew Fields's Theatre.—"It Happened in Nordland." Mostly girls and music with some fun.

Lyceum.—"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." Diverting comedy by Augustus Thomas.

Lyric.—"Fantana." Comic opera, with Katie Barry as the principal joy-producer. Handsomely produced.

Madison Square.—"Mrs. Temple's Telegram." See above.

Manhattan.—"Leah Kleschna." The play of the season, admirably staged and acted by Mrs. Fiske and an excellent company.

OWING TO THE FACT THAT THE FOLLOWING THEATRES ARE UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE THEATRICAL TRUST, WHICH IS ATTEMPTING TO SUPPRESS CRITICISM, LIFE IS UNABLE TO DESCRIBE THE PERFORMANCES THEY OFFER:

Liberty.	New York.
New Amsterdam.	Daly's.
Savoy.	Criterion.
Broadway.	Empire.
Hudson.	Majestic.
Herald Square.	Wallack's.
Knickerbocker.	Garden.



DAVID AND GOLIATH.
CAN THIS DAVID DO THE TRICK?

THE LATEST BOOKS



GOVERNEUR MORRIS has done a nice thing in *Ellen and Mr. Man*. He has given us a fleeting glimpse of our lost illusions. Few of us have kept that hearty appetite for sweets, whether sugarplums or sentiment, which was once our unappreciated possession, and we are much given to speaking of our impaired digestions as worldly wisdom and *savoir vivre*. In *Ellen and Mr. Man* all our one-time favorites (we know them at a glance—the lovely heroine, the toad-hunting villain, the rich hero in disguise) are served to us with a dash of Old Adam sauce that tickles our jaded palates into momentary rejuvenation.

Breaking the zebra to harness and yoking blank verse to modern English drama have long been looked upon as equally difficult. Mr. Hagenbeck has accomplished the one and Mr. Stephen Phillips the other, but both achievements remain instances of individual skill rather than genuine triumphs of domestication. *The Sin of David*, Mr. Phillips's latest work, is especially interesting in that it brings his experiment as near home and as near the present as the England of Cromwell—a daring advance from the court of Herod and the home of Ulysses.



THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY NAMED MOLLY WHO RAN LIKE THE DEUCE FOR THE TROLLEY TO HER ZEAL SHE PROVED MARTYR, FOR SNAP! WENT HER SHOESTRING—AND OF MORTIFICATION DIED MOLLY.

The Heart of Happy Hollow, by Paul Laurence Dunbar, is a collection of negro stories and sketches, whose chief claim to notice lies in the fact that they are offered by their author as interpretations of his own race. As stories they are marked neither by much dramatic interest nor by much technical finish, and their appeal is distinctly sentimental rather than literary.

Hilaire Belloc's biography of *Emmanuel Burden*, late wholesale dealer in hardware, of Thames Street, London, pillar of British Imperialism and

coadjutor in the development of Africa, is the most diverting piece of satirical writing which has come to hand for a long time. It is a delicious picture of John Bull in up-to-date finance, and, incidentally, a most excellent take-off on a form of biographical writing with which we are all too familiar.

Lilian Bell is sometimes witty and sometimes enthusiastic, and we have long been used to smile at her caustic cleverness and wince at her enthusiasms. In her latest book, *At Home with the Jardines*, she is in a meltingly



A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT.

Miss Dashaway: I DON'T CARE TO GO AUTOMOBILING, THANKS. IT ISN'T EXCITING ENOUGH.

Mr. Scorcher: I THINK YOU'D ENJOY A RIDE WITH MY NEW CHAUFFEUR. HE KNOWS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING OF AUTOMOBILES, HAVING JUST ESCAPED FROM THE ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.



A BAD AUTO BREAK.

(Night coming on, too.)

Jack Golightly: ARE WE FAR FROM HOME?

Gladys Rockabilt: IT ALL DEPENDS.

domestic mood, and those who subscribe to her opinions of *Men Under Thirty-five* will best leave the overpowering bride-and-groominess of the Jardines to a younger generation.

Off the Highway is a new story by Alice Prescott Smith, which quite bears out the promise of *The Legatee*, Mrs. Smith's first novel. It is a tale of the California mountains, and the ease with which our interest is held by a complication as old as fiction, is a fair index of the author's real talent for the creation and presentation of character.

K. and Hesketh Prichard, in *The Chronicles of Don Q.*, relate some of the adventures of a chief of *sequestradores* in the Sierras of southern Spain. Don Q. is a cousin (several times removed) of Robin Hood—indeed, all outlaw heroes of romance seem to bear to each other a strong family resemblance—and although he has no Friar Tuck to keep him company, and no Sir Walter

to make him immortal, there is considerable go to these records of his life.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Ellen and Mr. Man. By Gouverneur Morris. (The Century Company. \$1.25.)

The Sin of David. By Stephen Phillips. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)

The Heart of Happy Hollow. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Emmanuel Burden. By Hilaire Belloc. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

At Home with the Jardines. By Lilian Bell. (L. C. Page and Company. \$1.50.)

Off the Highway. By Alice Prescott Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

The Chronicles of Don Q. By K. and Hesketh Prichard. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

"YOUR daughter has promised to marry me, sir, the moment I can support her."

"Well, don't let that worry you."

SHE: If you attempt to kiss me, I shall certainly scream for help

HE: But I don't need any help.

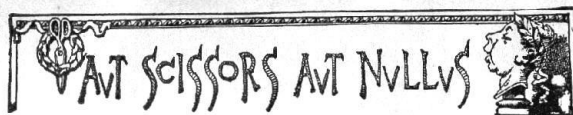
"SPRING came earlier this year than last."

"Indeed? I thought it was a year later."



"THIS WATCH IS NO GOOD—IT KEEPS TIME ONLY BETWEEN 4 AND 8 P. M."

"WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FOR A DOG WATCH?"



NATURE'S SON.

His the unfettered freedom of the hills!
His the whole world bounded but by the horizon!
His the infinite variety of nature!
His the forest, the stream, and the prairie;
His to see the forests stripped for battle with Grim
Winter;

His the tumbled glory of the autumn!
He leans upon the straggling rail fence;
His eyes sweep the fields and the forests;
His gaze rests upon the stripped limbs of the trees.
"Geel!" he sighs, "that reminds me! 'f I had the price,
I'd go ter tawn an' see that v'riety show ter-night."
—Houston Post.

THE two men were seated at a table in the farthest corner of the restaurant.

"May I ask you for the score-card?" said the one with the bristling mustache, pointing to the bill of fare.

"You may, sir," replied the other, a man with closely cropped hair, "but that's all the good it will do you. I'm not a waiter."

"Maybe not, sir," returned the other. "But if you had requested such a favor of me, I should have taken pleasure in complying."

"Quite likely. Some men are born that way. They'd just as lief be taken for a waiter as not."

"And some men are born boors. They couldn't be gentlemen if they tried."

"Think you'd know a gentleman if you happened to meet one?"

"I think I should. He'd look as different from you as he possibly could."

"How do you know anything about what a gentleman would do or what he'd look like?"

"I'm intimately acquainted with several, and they don't any of them act like you."

"That so? Say, who began this conversation, you baboon-faced—"

"I did, you bullet-headed barbarian. I asked you in a civil way if you would be kind enough to hand me the bill of fare, and you insulted me. You haven't the manners or decency of a walrus. You're a hunk of mule meat in a shape something like a man, with a—"

"You can't talk that way to me and live! I'll—"

"Don't you do it! If you move your hand one inch nearer your hip-pocket, I'll fill you full of holes right here!"

But the other did not stop.
He thrust his hand into his hip-pocket, pulled out a silk handkerchief, wiped his eyeglasses, picked up a paper and began to read it.
Then the man with the bristling mustache turned



"A GREAT TEMPTATION, ISN'T IT?"

"WHAT'S THAT?"

"WHY, TO GET OFF SOME PUN ABOUT HER 'LIFE' HANGING BY A THREAD."

to the unmistakable Englishman who had been sitting at the next table and listening with horrified astonishment to the conversation.

"We thought you'd like to have a little exhibition of our native freedom of manners," he said pleasantly, "to use in your forthcoming book, don't you know?"—Chicago Tribune.

MARCH 11.—A freshman came, quite eager to be instructed in all the wiles of society. He wanted to

try his hand at a flirtation, and requested minute instructions, as he knew nothing whatever; he was so very fresh. "Dance with her," he was told, "and talk with her; walk with her and flatter her; dance until she is warm and tired; then propose to walk in a cool, shady piazza. It must be a somewhat dark piazza. Begin your promenade slowly; warm up to your work; draw her arm closer and closer; then break her wing."

"Heavens, what is that—break her wing?" "Why, you do not know even that? Put your arm around her waist and kiss her. After that it is all plain sailing. She comes down when you call, like the coon to Captain Scott: 'You need not fire, Captain,' etc."

The aspirant for fame as a flirt followed these lucid directions literally, but when he seized the poor girl and kissed her she uplifted her voice in terror, and screamed as if the house were on fire. So quick, sharp and shrill were her yells for help that the bold flirt sprang over the banister, upon which grew a strong climbing rose. This he struggled through, and ran toward the college, taking a bee line. He was so mangled by the thorns that he had to go home and have them picked out by his family. The girl's brother challenged him. There was no mortal combat, however, for the gay young fellow who led the freshman's ignorance astray stepped forward and put things straight. An explanation and an apology at every turn hushed it all up.

Now, we all laughed at this foolish story most heartily. But Mr. Venable remained grave and preoccupied, and was asked: "Why are you so unmoved? It is funny." "I like more probable fun; I have been in college, and I have kissed many a girl, but never a one scrome yet."—Saturday Evening Post.

THERE was recently a passage at arms between Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, and a certain Miss Coals, a schoolmistress, who has a class immediately across the street from the writer's home. Part of the school exercises, it seems, consists in the study of music, and this proved particularly disagreeable to Miss Corelli. So the following note was sent across to the music teacher: "Miss Corelli presents her compliments to Miss Coals, and begs that she will be good enough to arrange so that there may be no singing class between the hours of ten and one, these being Miss Corelli's working hours, when distractions are peculiarly distasteful." The white-aproned maid who bore this rather unusual missive was detained long enough to bring back the answer. It ran: "Miss Coals presents her compliments to Miss Corelli, and begs to state that if such a course is likely to prevent the writing of such a book as 'The Sorrows of Satan,' she would rejoice in arranging a singing programme for every day from nine to two."—Argonaut.

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